

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1917.

ONE CENT

FLOOD DAMAGE MAY BE SLIGHT

Loss From Highest Water Since 1911 Not Expected to Run Unusually High

COAL BARGES ARE RESCUED

After flooding cellars, a number of industrial plants and frightening people in the lowlands of the Monongahela valley half out of their wits, the river began to recede after reaching its highest point of 40.3 feet on the lower gauge at Lock No. 4 at 10 o'clock Monday night. Though the flood was one of the most serious in recent years and one of the most threatening, the damage it did was small in comparison with that of others. The present flood comes within half an inch of reaching the stage of that in 1911, but is three feet below that of 1907.

The cold snap did much to check the swollen river. However it was not checked until people living near the stream in the lower sections began to gather their household effects together preparatory to moving. Numerous families packed their first floor belongings into the second story and calmly faced the prospect of outlasting the flood. In Shovel row here and at Lock No. 4 skiffs were in evidence to rescue the marooned.

Some of the coal mines along the Monongahela valley were flooded out so that operation will be delayed. The U. S. government yards and shops at North Charleroi were flooded but will not be delayed to much extent outside of the time lost in cleaning up the debris and mud left by the flood. The Page mill at Monessen was forced to partly close down on account of the flooding of the specialty department. At the Charleroi plant of the Macbeth-Evans Glass company two oil tanks were put out of commission by the flood pulling them upward from their fastenings. Repairs were made and the plant will resume today after a suspension lasting over night. Other industrial plants of the valley experienced some inconvenience from the flood but no serious trouble. At the government yards at North Charleroi the force was busy cleaning up as rapidly as the waters receded. It is impossible to estimate the total damage anywhere, but the opinion is that it will be comparatively slight. Warnings were obeyed promptly as they were sent out and all movable objects were made secure. The U. S. Steamer Slackwater, Capt. James T. Nutt and the U. S. Steamer Swan, Capt. W. H. Shannon stood ready for immediate action.

The only damage of any note along the Monongahela river was at Elizabeth where seven coal boat bottoms of the Pittsburg Coal company broke from their moorings and were carried swiftly down the stream. The steamer Tornado, owned by the same company, shot out after the recalcitrant barges and attempted to land them. Her smokestacks were caught by the Clairton bridge and wrenched from the boat. Five of the seven crafts were rounded up. Two were wrecked.

A large wharf boat owned by the Cincinnati and Pittsburg Packet company broke loose and sank. It will be raised when the river falls. At Davis Island dam on the Ohio river the officials were unable to get the movable wickets lowered as usual. Supt. Iris states the only loss will

Continued on page 2.

Mrs. Ruth T. Visconti



Mrs. Ruth Thomson Visconti's revelations concerning the alleged "leak" are eagerly awaited at Washington. Mrs. Visconti has not hesitated in the past to match her wits against the famous Burns' Detective Agency. She is the woman whom Thomas Lawson declares volunteered information to him regarding the stock deals in which Joseph Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, is alleged to have been involved.

ROAD WORK TO BE CONSIDERED

Three Sections to Receive Attention When Grand Jury Convenes

PETITIONS ARE PRESENTED

Upon petition of the county commissioners three sections of road are to be laid before the coming grand jury for approval or disapproval. They will be heard on Friday, February 9, at 10 o'clock a. m. The roads proposed to be improved by the commissioners are the Burgettstown-Bulger, Prosperity-Dunns Station extension and the Midway-Primrose.

The Burgettstown-Bulger road is in Smith township and the section to be improved begins at the eastern borough line of the borough of Burgettstown and then extends eastward via Raccoon creek to the forks of the road at the foot of the Bulger hill. The length is 14,920 feet.

The Prosperity Station extension is in Morris township and it is proposed to improve that portion beginning at the southeastern end of the present brick road and extending in a south-eastern direction a distance of 9,370 feet.

The Midway-Primrose road is in Robinson and Mount Pleasant townships. The portion proposed to be improved begins at the eastern borough line of Midway and extends from there easterly to the west end of the county improved road, leading from McDonald to Primrose a distance of 10,545 feet.

TODAY SPECIAL AT MAHIEU'S

Fancy Duchess pears at 30 cents per peck. Limit one peck to a customer. 620 Fallowfield avenue store only. 1 35-11

TODD SUGGESTED AS COMMISSIONER

Former Charleroi Banker Reported as Being Considered for Banking Job

IS NOW STATE CONTROLLER

A Harrisburg news telegram reads: "The name of Samuel C. Todd, executive controller, is being heard on Capitol Hill as a possible state banking commissioner. Mr. Todd is a banker, having been connected with Washington county banks for years prior to being named executive controller."

Mr. Todd at the time of his appointment to the state position by Governor Tener was assistant cashier of the Bank of Charleroi.

CONTRACTORS SUE TO RECOVER INSURANCE

Brooke & Cornish Claim Truck Was Struck by Engine on P. R. R. at Seventh Street, Charleroi and That Insurance Money is Due.

Henry C. Brooke and J. W. Cornish, partners doing business as Brooke & Cornish, contractors, by their attorneys Monday in Uniontown, filed a suit in common pleas court against the Commercial Union Assurance company, Limited, of London. The action is in assumpsit to recover \$3,200 with interest from October 24, 1916, which the plaintiffs allege is due them as insurance on their auto truck. The machine was wrecked in Charleroi when an engine crashed into it at Seventh street according to the statement of claim, and the insurance company which carried the insurance on it has refused to make payment.

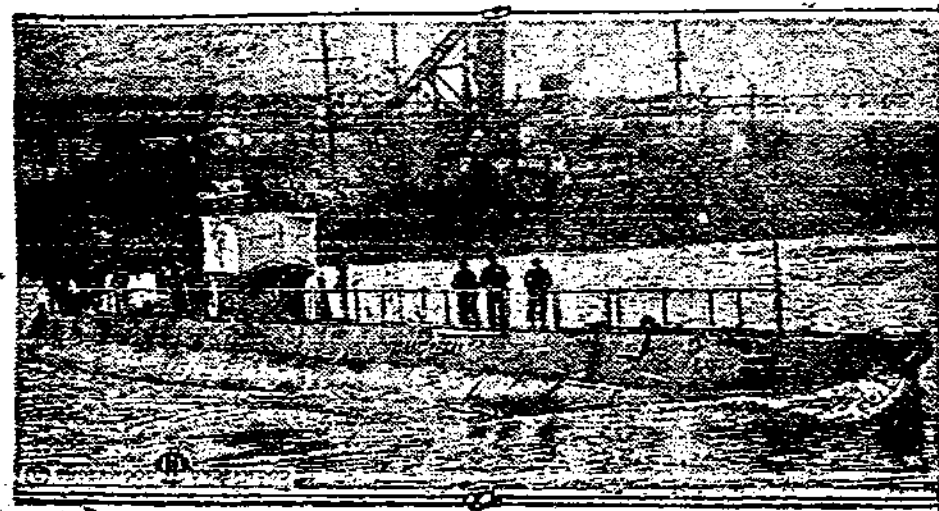
LOCAL YOUNG PEOPLE TO ATTEND CONFERENCE

Young people of various churches at a meeting tonight at 6:30 o'clock at the Washington Avenue Presbyterian church will plan to send delegates next Monday and Tuesday to attend a notable secondary division conference that will be held in Washington. A banquet will be a feature then. Speakers will be John L. Alexander, international secondary division secretary and Preston G. Orwig, state superintendent.

Pie Social. The ladies of Charleroi circle 303 P. H. C. will hold a pie social Friday evening January 26. Hot coffee served free. 185-eod-13

ETHEL BARRYMORE
In a Powerful Metro Play
"The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"
Wednesday at the Coyle Theatre
No Advance in Prices

American-Built but not "American"



The "Isaac Peral" is the largest war submarine in the world, and was built in Quincy, Mass. for the Spanish Government. She has a surface speed of 14 knots, and underwater speed of 10 1-2 knots. She carries fuel for cruising 6,000 miles, and will shortly steam to Spain under her own power. American enterprise does not lag behind. Our own government will profit by watching the boat's performances. If the government wants submarines, they can be supplied. That is the lesson of the "Isaac Peral."

WOMEN ARE GIVEN STIFF SENTENCES FOR FUSS ON CAR

Behavior of the most disgusting sort that ended finally in actual assault on passengers of an evening street car from Monessen Monday evening, resulted today in stiff workhouse sentences being imposed on Mrs. Jessie Calloway and her sister, Mrs. Grace Wallace, both colored. The former was committed to the workhouse for one year by Justice of the Peace Harry W. Scott of North Charleroi and Mrs. Wallace was sent there for six months. Information was made by Conductor C. R. Brendt.

It is said that on their way from Monessen the two women were acting disagreeably to passengers, and that finally a man on the car remarked quietly there should be a Jim Crow compartment on local cars. The Calloway woman heard this remark and an attack was launched by her and her sister on those in the car. Before they had been overpowered they had assaulted about a dozen persons. Using language of the worst sort they were arrested and brought to Charleroi, where they remained over night in the lockup.

Car Men Want Games.

The Suburban Club of Pittsburg composed of employees of the Pittsburg Railway company would like to arrange a game or games abroad with any local independent basketball club. The carmen have an exceptionally strong five. Any club desiring them for an attraction can rest assured of getting a worthy opponent. Y. M. C. A. teams are requested to get in touch with the management by letter or wire. P. J. Coyne, care of Pittsburg Railway Co., Carrick, Pa.

POPULACE FLEES IN TERROR FROM FIRE AT CHEMICAL PLANT

When fire broke out Monday night in the Noblestown plant of the Aetna Chemical company where tetra-nitro-aniline, a powerful explosive for aeroplane torpedoes, is manufactured for the Russian government, all the inhabitants of the little town fled in terror from their homes, trains on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad were halted and guards formed a cordon a quarter of a mile distant in readiness for a tremendous explosion.

No explosion occurred, however, no one was injured, and no damage was done except to the plant, which burned to the ground with all its contents, entailing damage of \$25,000. The plant is a big sheet-iron, two-story structure located in the heart of the village. The fire started about 9:30 o'clock from the overheating of a pot in which component materials of the explosive were being mixed together. Two hours later the people of the town returned to their homes, none of which had been disturbed.

R. L. JOHNSON DIES AT HOME IN CALIFORNIA

Robert Louis Johnson, aged 68 years, formerly a contractor of California, died this morning at 4 o'clock from heart trouble at his home. He had been ill since before Christmas. He was a director of the First National bank and a member formerly of the school board.

Two sons who survive are Robert a student of the University of Pittsburg and James, a student at Harvard university. A daughter is Miss Jane Johnson who teaches in a high school at California.

Arrangements have not been completed for the funeral.

Both Legs Broken. George McHugh, aged 18 years of Coal Centre is suffering in a Pittsburg hospital from fracture of both limbs as the result of a recent coasting accident in Coal centre.

ONE DIES FROM LATE SHOOTING

Andrew Nichols Succumbs at Brownsville Hospital - Post Mortem Held

MURDER CHARGE TO BE MADE

That no bullet entered the brain of Andrew Nichols, aged 25, but ploughed a crease about two inches long on the top of the skull and drove bits of skull into the brain when he was shot as the result of a quarrel following a session of poker in Samuel Cropp's blacksmith shop at Brownsville, January 11, developed Monday at Brownsville when Coroner S. H. Baum conducted an autopsy on the body in Kisinger & Luce's morgue. Nichols died in the Brownsville hospital Monday morning.

A fracture making a complete circle was found when Coroner Baum removed the skull plate. A hole fully two inches long was found in the center of the skull plate. Coroner Baum made a minute examination of the skull and its contents but was unable to locate the bullet from the 38 calibre revolver which John Busch of Belle Vernon is alleged to have fired during the fight.

Coroner Baum and Dr. LeRoy C. Waggoner and Dr. C. C. Gans, who assisted in the autopsy advanced the theory that the bullet had never entered the skull but had made a groove along the top driving bits of bone into the brain. The shooting occurred early January 11, and that Nichols had fled from that time with a bullet in his brain caused much speculation at the hospital.

Nichols' father and brother, Jose Nichols, who also received serious injuries at the same time, were at his bedside when the end came. Jose Nichols received a bullet wound through his shoulder going upward into his neck and another through his left arm. He was considered mortally wounded at the time but since being taken to the hospital, has shown a marked improvement and strong hopes are being held out for his recovery. He was sitting up in bed at the time his brother died.

Andrew Nichols never recovered consciousness from the time he was taken to the hospital until he died. At times he seemed to be conscious but the wound in his head had paralyzed the vocal organs.

A formal charge of murder will now be placed against John Busch, who does not deny, it is said, that he fired the revolver shots which injured the two boys. Busch was taken to the Uniontown hospital a few days after he was committed to the county jail for treatment of injuries he received in the alleged brawl. Busch's injuries were of such a nature that he has been in a serious condition, both mentally and physically.

Coroner S. H. Baum will conduct an inquest into young Nichols' death early this week at Kisinger and Luce's morgue. No arrangements have been made for the funeral.

Deed Recorded. July 13, 1916—Laura B. Alexander et con., Pittsburg, to Dominick Savoy, Charleroi a lot fronting 53.33 feet on Maple street, Charleroi and extending back 110 feet; consideration \$33.33.

The sled load to have been held by the Star Class of Christian church tonight has been postponed. 185-11

J. K. Tener, Pres. S. A. Walton, Vice Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

Your Aim-- You no doubt, aspire to things desirable. Take good aim for success by saving and making weekly deposits with the FIRST NATIONAL BANK then you will hit the mark of your endeavor.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
CHARLEROI, PENNA.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania

Open Saturday Evenings from 8:00 until 9:00 o'clock

YOUR EVENING READING

For these cold winter nights when you look forward to a cozy evening indoors, you'll welcome an interesting book.

Remember that we carry a large line of good books at popular prices, have all the new magazines as they are issued and that we also conduct a circulating library.

MIGHTS' BOOK STORE



HALLMARK STORE

Perhaps you are one of the lucky persons who won a sweet winsome young lady this winter, if so, have us show you our splendid assortment of Rings, Watches, Diamonds, Bracelets, Lockets which make ideal gifts for her—gifts that will last, be fully appreciated and that are rich and beautiful. Both Phones.

JOHN B. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler and Optician.
515 Mc Kean Ave.

...the fact that the *in vitro* and *in vivo* results are in good agreement.

Sale Prices CONTINUE TO ATTRACT

Heavy reductions of the January Clearance Sale, brought many customers--the great bargain event will be continued a few days more to allow all full time to save on quality merchandise. Ladies buy your suits and coats now.

A Ladies Suit For \$5.00

Your choice of 25 or more all wool suits, high grade tailoring, very many good styles, many of them are worth \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25. The women of Charleroi were never offered such bargains before.

A Ladies Coat For \$5.00

We have selected about 15 or more of these coats. Good all wool materials were 12.50, 15.00, 18.00, 20.00. Almost every coat worth three times the money asked. Better get yours early, they won't last long.

LADIES SUITS---SOME LATE ARRIVALS

18.50 and 20.00 Suits on sale at	\$12.50
22.50 and 25.00 Suits on sale at	\$16.50
27.50 and 30.00 Suits on sale at	\$22.50

An Early Selection Gives You Your Choice

Berryman's Live Store

COMMON PLEAS JURORS SUMMONED FOR THE TERM

The common pleas jurors for the February term have been drawn, 160 names in all, 80 for the first two weeks and 80 for the remaining two weeks. Those from this vicinity drawn are:

February 26--John Bowman, Fred W. Brady, S. E. Michener, Eastman Woodward, Charleroi; Charles Grable, Henry Rider, Charles E. Williams, Fallowfield; Thomas Nichols, Speers; Robert C. Smith, Twilight.

March 12--H. B. Mancha, John Rider, Charleroi; John Redd, Twilight.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Humbert of Fourth street were Pittsburg visitors Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Doyle of Monessen was an over Sunday guest of Mrs. Frank Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Neri Newcomb went to Tarentum Tuesday to visit.

Miss Ellavie Blythe of Redstone visited with relatives in Charleroi Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hazelden of Irwin are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Hazelden of Washington avenue.

Miss Helen Bowman of Monongahela visited in Charleroi Monday evening.

Fred C. Irvin, Esq., of Uniontown was a caller in Charleroi Tuesday.

Logan D. Boyd a prominent coal and coke dealer of Uniontown was a caller in Charleroi Tuesday.

G. W. Sheasley of Pittsburg, master carpenter of the Monongahela division of the P. R. R. was a business caller in Charleroi Tuesday.

Frank Barnett and Russell Metz were Pittsburg callers Monday.

Justice of the Peace Paul R. Nutt was in Washington Monday attending a meeting of Justices of the Peace of Washington county.

Mrs. R. D. Mason of Brownsville is visiting with her daughter Mrs. W. H. Milliken of Washington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tussing of Washington avenue spent Tuesday in Pittsburg.

Mrs. John Dalzell spent Monday in Pittsburg.

W. H. Milliken was a business caller in Brownsville.

C. W. Weltner spent Monday in Pittsburg.

The Child Welfare Circle will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 at the home of Mrs. J. D. Berryman on Lincoln avenue.

A marriage license was granted at Washington to Harry F. Coates and Ruth A. Acker both of Charleroi. They were married Monday evening.

E. F. Krahmer, supervising agent of the Monongahela Division P. R. R. was a caller in Charleroi Tuesday.

Bowling

In a match game in the Monongahela Valley Duck pin league Charleroi defeated Fayette City two out of three games.

CHARLEROI--		
Kuhn	149	146 156
Osborne	126	130 121
Hess	126	147 108
Piersoll	172	116
Woodward	140	130 137
Was		118
Totals	713	689 635
FAYETTE CITY--		
Brightwell	132	119 151
Clark	118	113 145
Wainer	152	130 114
Spolio	85	
Briggs	116	104 110
Livingston	112	125
Totals	608	583 645

The next match will be rolled January 29th, 1917, Monessen vs Charleroi.

REV. COLE PREACHES FIRST SERMON OF SERVICES HERE

Rev. E. A. Cole, minister-evangelist of Knoxville, who is assisting Rev. E. N. Duty, pastor in evangelistic services preached his first sermon Monday. His subject was "Why I believe the Bible is the Word of God." He said that criticism such as the Bible is receiving tends to make the word, as the word of God, stronger than ever in its effect. Special music was furnished. The Junior choir sang and Miss Lillian Companion rendered a solo.

Tonight Rev. Cole will speak on "Jesus the Compassionate Savior."

MARTHA LOUISE HOTZ DIES FROM DIPHTHERIA

The attempt of four men to get a raise at the local Macbeth-Evans Glass plant ended in them Monday getting instead in the lockup, and this morning in getting a stiff fine for creating a disturbance on the street, and for starting what appeared to be a riot. It is said that after the men were politely told to go to work at their present wages, which were good, they attempted to stop other workmen. Monday night their trouble-making actions led to the police ordering them to move on and when this order was not promptly obeyed to their arrest. Anthony Kytin, Frank Dbinsky and Eddie Felo were fined \$10 and costs each by Burgess Woodward this morning and Joe Mission who tried to get the men released from the lockup while he was drunk was fined \$5.

WALLS OF BUILDING CAVE IN; 11 HURT

Old Madison Theatre Structure Work At Uniontown Swept Down by Wind Taking Men Who Are Engaged in Razing Building.

Eleven men were injured, three seriously and one probably fatally, when a 25-foot brick wall on the old Madison Academy Theatre building on East Main street Uniontown which is being razed, collapsed and buried nine of the workmen beneath the debris at 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon.

The more seriously injured, who were taken to the Uniontown hospital are Julius Schultz, aged 43, of Hopwood, head crushed, internally injured will probably die; Frank South, aged 49, head, back and legs cut; George Crawford, aged 28, right hip crushed and head injured; Carmen Carantine, aged 29, head and back injured. All the injured men, except Schultz reside in Uniontown.

The work of razing the building was started Monday morning and the roof had been torn off. Nine men were standing on the second floor preparing to raze one of the walls, when a heavy wind suddenly swept over the building, causing the wall to fall inward. The second floor collapsed and the men fell 20 feet, under a shower of bricks and debris.

The Madison academy was built in 1837 and was one of the oldest buildings in Uniontown. A Greek Catholic church will be erected on the site.

SAYS AUDITORS ERRED IN FALLOWFIELD TOWNSHIP

W. P. Rodgers has filed an appeal from the settlement by the township auditors of Fallowfield township of the accounts of the township supervisors. He avers the auditors erred in allowing these supervisors the sum of \$237.39, paid to Charles E. Jacobs, for stone furnished and sold to the township. It is averred that at the time the sale was made Jacobs was one of the roadmasters employed by the supervisors. Exceptions are also taken to the \$50 paid Jacobs for the hire of a steam boiler.

ETHEL BARRYMORE TO BE AT THE COYLE TOMORROW

Manager R. S. Coyle is announcing as the attraction at the Coyle theatre tomorrow Ethel Barrymore in the powerful Metro play--in five acts, "The Awakening of Helen Richie." The play is adapted from Margaret Deland's famous novel. Today at the Coyle Irene Fenwick is being featured in "A Coney Island Princess." Announcement is being made of the coming soon of Miss Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington."

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Fill Whatever Job You Hold to the Best of Your Ability.

"In climbing the ladder of success what have you learned that you could pass on as aid to other struggling young men?" asked A. P. Dabson of J. P. Morgan & Co. "Did you conceive any shining goal and tend everything to getting there?"

"No," he replied emphatically. "What ever job I had was to me always the very best job in the world, and I tried to do it. I made no elaborate plans for the future. If I had any system in my head it was first to do the job at hand, second, to teach the fellow on the job, and third, to be satisfied to remain in the job as long as I could."

Mr. Dabson's advice is not for the aspirant of a high position, but for the man who is content to do the job at hand, and who is satisfied to remain in the job as long as he can. It is the only way to success, and it is the only way to happiness.

"Perhaps I will not be out of place for some time," he said. "I can carry a lesson for the young men who are anxious to help. One day when I was a teller a customer offered me a very fine gold pen. I went right into the office and asked if this man had any loan from the bank. I explained that he had asked me to accept the gift. The bank promptly acted, and it was not long before the fellow was in bankruptcy. The simple course I took saved the bank a good deal of money."--R. C. Forster in Leslie's.

EQUINE ARTFUL DODGERS.

Deafness and Lameness That Were Just Pure Duff.

We all know, of course, the lively nag who pretends to be deaf. You tell him to "get up," and he gets up; you click to him, and he accelerates not his pace. Is he deaf? Not he. You know, by a certain rolling of his eye and wiggling of his ears, that he hears you perfectly well. His deafness is pure bluff. It is like the lameness which some shrewd old nags sometimes put on.

Will a horse pretend to be lame when he is not? Some horses certainly will. Two or three years ago the Nomad was driving a lively nag on a road in Vermont, when the animal suddenly began to limp terribly; couldn't go off a slow walk. It was pretty serious, for a journey of about twenty miles had just been begun. Knowing a man on the road who was a practical horseman, the Nomad drove up to his door and submitted the animal to the expert's examination. The man looked at the horse's feet, and his legs--looked him over thoroughly. "Did the horse go all right when you started out?" he asked. "The horse had gone all right for three or four miles," "Well," said the expert, "this horse is shamming; there is no matter with him." Then he addressed some plain language to Dobbin, advising him with some sharpness to cut it all out and go along as he ought to. The Nomad touched the horse with the whip, and he trotted on to the end of the journey without the slightest limp.--Nomad in Boston Transcript.

Swearing on the Bible.

The method of swearing by the Bible came into use at a very early period, practically with the establishment of courts of law in Christian countries. It was the ordinary method of swearing when America was settled by Europeans and was naturally adopted here. Oaths were common before the Christian era, and any form may be used that conforms to the religious belief of the person to be sworn. Pentateuch, keeping on their hats, and their oath ends with the words, "So help me, Jehovah." A Mohammedan is sworn on the Koran.--Philadelphia Press.

He Made the Sale.

"Yes, the property is cheap enough. Why do you want to sell it?" "You won't give me away?" "No." "Well, sir, it's because I'm the only man in this neighborhood that doesn't move in high society, and I'm lonesome."--Chicago Tribune.

Sample.

"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him. "I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother. "Just a little sample of married life," suggested father.--Cleveland Leader.

A Biting Sentiment.

You have to be careful even about paying compliments. Bill Mixer, who used to write ads. for a tobacco house, got himself in bad when he started writing copy for a better concern and wrote "Guaranteed not to bite the tongue."--Boston Globe.

A Real Autocrat.

"Here's the photograph of a famous maitre d'hotel. He has a stern and haughty look." "Hasn't he, though? I dare say that fellow wouldn't unbend for any tip less than a \$100 bill."--Birmingham Age-Herald.

Car on the Brain.

"Do you know how to handle an emergency?" "Is that going to be one of the new makes?"--Baltimore American.

The feeble bowl with the wolves bray with the asses and meat with the sheep.--Roland.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Put Business Before Pleasure Until You Have Reached the Top.

In an article called "Succeeding With What You Have" in the American Magazine Charles M. Schwab says: "I have always felt that the surest way to qualify for the job just ahead is to work a little harder than any one else on the job one is holding down. One of the most successful men I have known never carried a watch until he began to earn \$10,000 a year. Before that he had managed with a nickel alarm clock in his bedroom, which he never forgot to wind."

"Young men may enjoy dropping their work at 5 o'clock and going to a dress suit for an evening or two, but the habit has certain drawbacks. I happen to know several established gentlemen who got it so completely that now they are standing all their time, days as well as evenings, in dress suits, serving food in fashionable restaurants to men who did not get the dress suit habit until somewhat later in life."

"Recently we have heard much about investments. To my mind the best investment a young man starting out in business can possibly make is to give all his time, all his energies, to work--just plain, hard work. After a man's position is assured he can indulge in pleasure if he wishes. He will have lost nothing by waiting--and gained much. He will have made money enough really to afford to spend some and he will know that he has done his duty by himself and by the world."

COLOSSAL CLOCKS.

The World's Four Largest Ones Are in This Country.

A factory clock in Jersey City, N. J., is the largest in the world. Time can be read with the naked eye at a distance of three miles. The face of the clock is thirty-eight feet in diameter; the minute spaces are two feet apart; the minute hand is twenty feet long and weighs one-third of a ton.

The second largest clock in the world was built for an electric illuminating company in Boston. Specifications: Dial, thirty-four feet in diameter; weight of hands, 575 pounds; hour hand, fourteen feet four inches long; minute hand, eighteen feet six inches long.

The next two largest clocks are the Metropolitan tower, New York city, dial twenty-six and one-half feet in diameter; city hall, Philadelphia, dial twenty-five feet in diameter.

At the top of 300 steps in the clock tower at Westminster, Big Ben has marked time for London for over fifty years. The clock has four faces, each twenty-three feet across. The minute hands are fourteen feet long. The pendulum weighs nearly 350 pounds. The figures on the face are each two feet long, and the minute spaces are a foot square.

Silver of the Georgian Era.

The appreciation of the work of the era of George II. and George III. was illustrated by an auction sale which I attended the other day in London. A small mustard pot very simple and elegant and slightly battered, was among the lots. It would have been passed over by most eyes, but it bore a hallmark of George II.'s time, and the dealers bid eagerly enough for its possession until it fell to an offer of 8 guineas an ounce. That there are still possibilities of appreciation in silver, however, was shown by the price given for a pair of old spoons of no unusual elegance and not in the best condition. They were dated 1613, and they brought \$10 an ounce.--Westminster Gazette.

Force of Habit.

"It's curious how habits fasten themselves on people. You know Wappler?"

"Yes."

"He's an enthusiastic fisherman and always has a story to tell about some gigantic monster of the deep that he almost caught."

"I've heard him tell a lot of lies of that kind."

"Well, it seems that burglars broke into his house the other night, and he got up and captured one of them--a little fellow--but you ought to hear him tell about the size of the one that got away."

Tricky Husband.

Mr. Househunter (to real estate agent)--Mrs. Househunter will be in today, and I want you to tell her that the house we've been looking at is let. Agent--Why--er--but it isn't. Mr. Househunter--Well, it will be, for I'm taking it now. My wife can't make up her mind! She'll want it badly as soon as she thinks she can't have it.--Pittsburgh Telegraph.

An Optimist.

"You say Gadsby is an optimist?" "Unquestionably." "What makes you think so?" "Gadsby has never been able to earn more than \$50 a week, yet he feels greatly encouraged every time he hears there is a demand for \$10,000 a year men."--Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Situation.

"Is the world getting better?" "Maybe so as a general proposition, but what good does it do me? My boss is just as grouchy, my janitor just as mean and the neighborhood kids quite as pestiferous."--Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Human Voice.

The human voice will carry about three miles through a three foot speaking tube.

ALLEN FUNERAL SERVICES

WEDNESDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK

The funeral of Clarence M. Allen will be held Wednesday afternoon, with services at 2 o'clock at the late home, instead of at 1 o'clock as announced in the first writeup. Rev. John R. Burson, pastor of the Washington Avenue Presbyterian church will conduct the services. Interment will be in the Monongahela cemetery.

MUSICAL AUXILIARY MEETS AT HOME OF MISS CHESTER

The Musical Auxiliary to the Athene club was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Chester on Crest avenue Monday evening. After a short business meeting the following program was rendered: Piano, Miss Ruby Charles; song, Miss Isabella Dorobuz; reading, Miss Myrtle Clendenon; duet, Misses Ethel Duth and Dortha Malmes; song, Mrs. R. H. Rush; piano duet, Misses Emma Collins and Ethel Bowman; trio, Misses Emma Clutter, Alma Collins and Mamie Rockwell. During the social hour refreshments were served by the hostesses Misses Grace Chester and Ruth Clerhne.

RAISE TROUBLE WHEN DEMANDS ARE NOT MET

Martha Louise Hotz, aged three years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hotz of 210 McKean avenue died at the home of her parents at 5:30 o'clock Monday evening from diphtheria. A private funeral was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in the Charleroi cemetery.

Light-Hearted Women

A cheerful, light-hearted woman is the joy of a man's life. Beauty will fade, a good figure will change, but the charm of health and cheerfulness will endure to the end. But how can a woman be cheerful and happy when dragged down by some female derangement, with a headache, headache, and often on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for such ailments. During the last 40 years thousands of homes have been made happy by this woman's great remedy for woman's ills.

BRECKENRIDGE AWARDED DAMAGE CLAIM OF \$2,300

In the suit of J. W. Breckenridge against the county of Washington, a claim for damages done his hotel, property at West Brownsville, known as the Atwood, by reason of the change of grade on Bridge street, that place, the viewers filed their report yesterday. They award him \$2,300 damages. The street was changed by reason of the erection of the approach to the river bridge, running from Bridge street over the river to South Brownsville. The hotel property was left considerably below grade, with access to the same only by a foot walk.

CLASSIFIED

WANTED--Woman for high grade proposition, \$65 to \$70 per month. 862 Mail office. 185-t3p

WANTED--Competent young lady stenographer is desirous of obtaining position. Legal and commercial experience. Address 860 Mail office. 183-tf

FOR RENT--Small store room. Cheap rent. Good location. Apply 426 Fallowfield avenue. 187-tf

FOR RENT--Store rooms. Inquire A. L. Dubinsky 413 Fallowfield avenue. 184-t6-p

LOST--Diamond ring, either on McKean or Fallowfield avenue between Fourth and Sixth street. Finder return to 859 Mail office and receive reward. 783-t2p

LOST--Gold cuff link. Return to 861 Mail office. 185-t1p

LOST--Gold watch; hunting case. Liberal reward if returned to Pasquale Paulo, 940 McKean avenue. 184-t3-p

FOR SALE--Six room house with bath. Lot 40x120, Lincoln avenue. A bargain. Inquire A. L. Dubinsky, 413 Fallowfield avenue. 184-t6p

FOR SALE--Light five passenger touring car in good condition for \$200. Or will exchange for light runabout. 637 Reed avenue, Monessen, Pa. Bell Phone 248-M. 185-t3p

"Life's" Famous Short Stories

The following story was one of eight selected out of 50,000 for publication in "Life's" famous short story contest.

NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

By MARY WOODBURY CASWELL

The short winter day of Alaska was brightening as Gertrude pushed her chair back from the breakfast table and announced that she proposed to go at once for her constitutional. Her brother placidly assented, but Keith interposed with a worried look.

"Habit you better go with her, Bob? I suppose I've grown to be an old granny, but since Jacques told us of that outlaw who threatened to kidnap a white girl for his wife, I don't like to have Gertrude get out of sight."

"Don't worry, dear," said she. "I've been drinking hard when he told you of this mythical outlaw. Besides, I am no Helen of Troy to be abducted for my beauty. I'd really much rather have Bob stay with you."

And she kissed him, patted his cheek, took her snowshoes and started for the daily tramp that had kept her fit ever since she had come up on the last boat, hastily summoned by a cable from Bob when her fiancé had his shoulder crushed, and it would be impossible for the young men to return to the States with their stake. She and Bob had nursed him into convalescence, but it had been a hard winter for him, and she did not wonder that he had developed some nervousness though she considered his fear for her wholly unnecessary, as, indeed, did Bob.

When she was a half mile from the cabin and a slight rise of ground hid from her, she saw a dog team approaching, and, smiling, thinking that Keith would surely consider that danger was near. As it met her the driver touched his cap, and she had a swift impression of a very different type than she had recently met, and one that made Jacques' fantastic tale seem less absurd. As she involuntarily glanced back she saw, and now with alarm that the stranger had turned and was coming toward her. He stopped the dogs close to her and inquired courteously, and with a foreign accent:

"Can you tell me, mademoiselle, how near I am to some residence?"

"Our cabin is over the hill," she replied quietly though with growing terror, which was justified, as he sprang toward her, swathing her in a blanket, so that she could neither speak nor struggle, and placing her on the sled.

She could not have told whether it was hours or minutes before she was lifted, carried into a cabin and the blanket unfolded from her, while a savage-looking husky dog growled a greeting. Her captor shook off his heavy outer coat, removed his cap, and with exaggerated deference said:

"I do myself the honor, mademoiselle, to offer you marriage." Resolutely conquering her fear, Gertrude looked steadily at him. The man evidently was, or had been, a gentleman; but what must his life have been to bring him to this? As composure as she could she answered:

"I must decline your offer. Pray permit me to return home."

"Ah no, mademoiselle, I fear I cannot allow that. As for marriage as you please, but in any case you must remain here."

"Not alive," she said.

"Ah, but, mademoiselle, how not?" he asked, in mockery of courtesy more pronounced. "It is not so easy to die!"

"There are many ways," she replied. "Here is one."

And, seizing a dog whip lying near, she struck the husky a sharp blow and, as he furiously leaped to his feet, flung herself upon the floor before him. He fastened his teeth in her arm as his master grasped his throat, and the struggle shook the cabin. At last the man broke the dog's hold and dragged him to the door. Gertrude's heavy clothing had saved her arm from anything but a superficial wound, but as he bound it up she said:

"The dog will not forget, and if he fails me I can find another way."

His face, which had paled, flushed a dark red as he hastily spoke.

"For God's sake do not think—but why should you not? You are free, mademoiselle. Such courage shows me I am not quite the brute I fancied I had become, and also that there is one woman in the world whose 'no' assuredly does not mean 'yes.' I will take you home at once on the faith of a Marovitch."

She stared at him incredulously and said slowly:

"Is it possible—are you Count Boris Marovitch?"

"Yes"—in deep wonder—"that is my name, but how could you know?"

"This letter should interest you," she said. "It is from Vatinika. I was at a convent school in Paris with her. And she watched him excitedly as he read aloud the passage she indicated.

Do you remember, my telling you of my cousin Boris, who was sent to Siberia, for killing Prince in a duel? It was supposed that he was shot while trying to escape, but the guard has confessed that he was bribed to assist him, and he may be lying. The czar would gladly pardon him if he would return, his homicidal tendencies being valuable in the present war crisis. And Olga has steadfastly refused to marry any one else, so—

A sharply drawn breath interrupted

the reading, and the letter fell to the floor from his shaking hands as he looked at her, his face white and drawn.

"Mademoiselle, it is to much," he gasped. "Your courage—your generosity—I insult you unforgivably, and you give me back honor, love, life—I cannot say—And he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands."

She went over to him and laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"I am glad you are happy, Count," she said, "and I am sure we shall be very good friends. Please take me home now."

They met Bob half way, striding along with an anxious face, his rifle over his shoulder. "This is my brother, Mr. Stacey," said Gertrude. "Bob, this is Count Marovitch, of whom Vatinika wrote. He starts tomorrow by dog train to the States of his way to Russia."

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TOO BUSY TO EAT.

What Happened to the Man Who Thought Only of Making Money.

Once upon a time there was a man too busy to eat.

In the morning he swallowed a cupful of coffee and smeared half a soft-boiled egg on his mustache, where he could lick it off on his way downtown in the cars.

At noon he allowed himself fifteen minutes for luncheon, and as it takes the average worker longer than that to walk to the kitchen and back, the fifteen minutes was about all the nourishment he got.

He usually got home late for dinner in the evening, because he hated to tear himself away from his place of business so long as there was the slightest possibility of making another nickel before he closed down his desk, and when he did sit down to the table he devoured the stock market reports in the evening paper instead of digging into the foddie.

He couldn't see any sense in wasting his time on food while there was so much money in the world that did not belong to him.

At the age of forty he died of what the doctors called acute indigestion, but I know better. It was just plain starvation.

Anyhow, he left his family well provided for.

The moral is: Perhaps it was all for the best.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LEGEND OF ABRAHAM.

The Story of the Weary Old Stranger Points a Moral.

The patriarch Abraham sat at the door of his tent. It was evening, when if any strangers passed by he asked them to enter his tent. Soon he saw an old man approaching, bent and weary with travel.

Abraham rose and asked the old man into his tent. He washed his feet, gave him the best seat and bade him enter the tent. The old man ate his supper without offering a prayer of thanks.

"Why don't you worship God of heaven?" asked Abraham.

"I worship fire only," said the stranger. "I know no other God."

At that Abraham became angry and drove the man out into the night. Then God called Abraham and said:

"Where is the stranger that was in your tent?"

"I thrust him out because he did not worship thee," said Abraham.

Then God answered:

"I have suffered him these hundred years, although he did not honor me, and couldst thou not endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?"

Abraham was then ashamed of himself, and he sent for the old man, invited him into his tent and made him rest there until morning.—Kansas City Times.

The View From an Aeroplane.

It is a great surprise to the uninitiated to see how uniform the surface of the earth appears when viewed from a great altitude. Although individual objects are hard to identify, such things as rivers, lakes and railroads are easily recognized by their contour, direction or some slight individuality or characteristic which can readily be shown upon a map, especially if the maps are made or corrected by men who fly above the earth and get an accurate and literal birds-eye view of its surface. Objects which seem to loom up with the greatest clearness to one standing on the surface of the earth appear very different and quite insignificant when viewed from above, while a patch of colored soil which would not be noticed at all by a person standing on the ground is a most valuable landmark to the air sailor.

Dropping the Aspirate.

The English derivatives from the Latin "lacrima," writes a correspondent, are practically always spelt with the "h" nowadays. In most modern dictionaries the older and more accurate form is marked as obsolete. But in the particular case of "lachrymatory" there is some warrant for the "h," for the word is directly derived from the low Latin "lachrymatorium," which has the "h." The lachrymatorium, a glass vessel prettily but inaccurately supposed to contain the tears of mourners for the dead, was really a receptacle for perfumes or ointments. "Lachrymatory," used as an adjective, is quite new and quite unnecessary. Why can't we be content with "lachrymal"?—London Chronicle.

Attar of Roses.

It requires one ton of musk rose petals to distill one pound of pure attar of roses.

Not idle.

Willie—Dad, what is idle curiosity? Dad—The busiest thing in the world. Willie.

THE SPEED OF SHIPS.

Influence of the Depth of Water and the "Wave of Translation."

On first thought the sea's depth seems of little importance if the ship finds depth enough to give her an easy draft. If she can run free apparently it makes little difference whether she has six feet or 630 feet between her keel and the bottom. Such an inference is, however, erroneous, for the depth exercises an important influence.

The British cruisers Blake and Blenheim were expected to run twenty-one knots, but actually ran two knots less in shallow water. They ran again under the same power, but the depth was between 135 and 165 feet, and their speed was twenty-two knots, one knot in excess of the maximum calculation.

The difference in speed is attributed to the influence of the "wave of translation" displaced by the ship as she moves forward, which acts as a brake. The nearer the ship's keel to the bottom the stronger the friction. A ship drawing twenty-seven feet of water—say a ship of 12,000 tonnage—feels that friction over a depth of 250 feet. According to some calculations, the dragging influence ceases to be felt at a depth equal to ten and one-half times the draft if the ship stands high out of the water.

A curious feature of the matter is that the speed of the ship is as important an element as the depth of the water—that is to say, the influence of the depth on the ship's speed is more or less powerful in proportion as the speed is great. A ship increases her speed more readily over deep water; but, on the other hand, the faster a ship runs the more depth of water she requires to prevent the hindrance caused by the dragging influence of the friction which is always felt when the ship's keel "senses" bottom.

Running ten knots an hour, a ship must have between twenty-six and twenty-seven feet of depth or she is dragged from below. If running twenty knots she needs a depth of 104 to 105 feet, and when running thirty knots she feels the drag over a depth of nearly 324 feet.—Exchange.

ODD WAYS OF USING GOLD.

They Didn't Impress the Man Who Had None to Squander.

"I reckon I would be liable to be as many different kinds of fool as almost anybody else if I should suddenly get possession of a large amount of money," said the man in straitened circumstances. "I have noticed that people who are so fortunate as to do that often show remarkable versatility in their choice of ridiculous performances. The very ability to realize desires that have long been held in abeyance by lack of means seems sometimes to develop absurdities in a man's nature which no one else would suspect if he had remained poor."

"Sometimes a man will do things that are not really absurd, but only seem whimsical. I knew one man who, when he received an unexpected legacy, bought himself twenty-five pairs of shoes with the first money he spent. He said the one greatest inconvenience of poverty to him had always been the wearing of old shoes."

"Another man I once knew certainly did provoke mirth among his acquaintances when he had all the storepiles in his house gilded before he spent any of his new money for anything else. I don't know that he was any more foolish than one of the multimillionaires I read about who had the handrail of the grand stairway of his country house covered with a casing of solid gold. One seems about as grotesque as the other to me."

"And there is another thing I wouldn't do. It came to my mind recently when my wife showed me a piano in a store window. It was entirely covered with gold or what looked like gold. I agreed with her that it was pretty, but I said that I would not care to have it in our house."

"Gold is certainly a good thing to have, and I'd like to have a lot of it, but I don't think I'd like to have it too much in evidence all the time."—New York Sun.

Old Mexican Legend.

The early Tarascons, a Mexican tribe, once possessed the art, now lost, of tempering copper. One of their legends is not far removed from the Bible story of Noah. According to them, Trezpi—their Noah—escaped an all-destrorying flood in a great boat laden with animals. Even the story of the dove is closely followed, for Trezpi sent forth first a vulture and then a humming bird, and so ascertained that dry land existed.

Helping Out.

"And has your daughter's course in domestic science interested her any in the housework?"

"To some extent. Occasionally she condescends to show her mother where, in old-fashioned methods are all wrong."—Kansas City Journal.

Dubious Outlook.

"I understand you have a new neighbor. Do you expect to be friendly with him?"

"I hope for the best, but he has five little boys, and my library windows are in an exposed position."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Two of a Kind.

"Everything I have in this world I owe to my wife."

"I'm almost like you too. Everything I owe in this world my wife bought."—Detroit Free Press.

Olive Tree.

The olive tree here, better under water than any other plant which is not aquatic.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

The One Thing Needed to Make English the World Language.

Having been for years a teacher of English to foreigners and to high school pupils as well as a student of modern languages, the subject of an international language interests me greatly.

Certainly of the four important modern tongues English is the easiest and simplest in grammar, having no awful genders such as German and no dreadful verbs such as French and Italian. It has no baffling depths and subtleties as the last two mentioned nor any impossible pronunciation as the first. Yet, in spite of its simplicity, it is a very hard language for foreigners to master. This is due, I feel, solely to its antiquated method (or lack of method) of spelling. The difficulties arising from the difference between the spelling of English words and their pronunciation are almost insurmountable, fatal to its universal diffusion. How many native English speaking people do we know, educated, say, intellectual, who simply cannot spell, who have given up trying?

All over the continent one hears reiterated with boring monotony: "I like to read the English, but not to speak it. It is too difficult to pronounce. I can never tell how a new word should be said." In French and German certain letter combinations invariably represent certain sounds, while Italian is absolutely phonetic. In Italian schools there is no such thing as a spelling lesson. Think what a saving of time, temper and grey (or is it gray) matter this is to the growing child!

It is all very well to insist upon the classic origin of our orthography, but compare it for one moment with the near and aristocratic parent of the Italian. Yet Italian does not hesitate to discard all artificiality.

I feel sure that only one thing will make English, which stands today as the easiest and most concise of languages—only one thing will make it the universal language, and that is simplified spelling.—J. H. Harris in New York Times.

BRAVERY OF A TOREADOR.

Remarkable Display of Nerve by a Spanish Bull Fighter.

The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the bull fighting arena.

It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling.

Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring.

He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, kept motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense.

Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint.

Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemplations of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Indian "Moons."

Time is calculated among the Red Indians by moons instead of months. January is called the "hard moon," February "the raccoon moon," March "sore eye moon," April "the moon in which geese lay eggs," May "the planting moon," June "the moon when the strawberries are red," July "the moon when choke cherries are ripe," August "the harvest moon," September "the moon when rice is laid up to dry," October "the rice drying moon," November "the deer killing moon," and December "the deer moon."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Denmark's Sovereigns.

Denmark has had a most curious array of sovereigns, the Blue Tooth, Forked Beard, Simple, Hungry, Barefoot, Lamb, Pious and Cruel being among them.

This latter, who was Christian II, belied his real name by gaining the additional title of the Nero of the North. There was probably little happiness in Denmark when he sat upon the throne.—London Mail.

A Money Saver.

"You are foolish to buy your furniture on the installment plan. You have to pay nearly twice as much as you otherwise would."

"Yes, but look at all the money I save on moving expenses."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Character Analysis.

"Bliggins goes around asking so much advice that he never accomplishes anything."

"Yes," replied the man whose mind lingers in the past, "not enough initiative and too much referendum."—Washington Star.

A Toast.

To our mothers: May their eyes never be opened and their hearts never closed to our weaknesses!—Life.

The Marksman's Eye.

Blue eyes prevail among marksmen of renown. The blue is said to be the strongest eye and gray next.

LIGHT WAVES.

Some Too Tiny to Be Seen, Yet Sciences Can Measure Them.

The very smallest thing on earth which has been actually measured is a light wave.

Light waves, of course, are of different lengths. In the spectrum the red waves are longest, orange next, yellow next, and so on to the violet, which are shortest of the visible waves. So if we were to give the measurement of the very smallest thing we would have to take one of the light waves in the violet end of the spectrum or, better still, one of the waves of the ultraviolet portion which is invisible.

The shortest of these that has been determined is 120 millionths of a millimeter. Changing this to fractions of an inch, we can comprehend the smallness of the wave better. If these waves were placed one on top of the other there would be more than 200,000 of them in a line one inch long. The negative corpuscle which is a constituent part of the atom is known to be smaller than this, but its exact size has not been determined.

That these light waves can be measured is due to the fact that as light waves are refracted it is only a matter of determining the angle of refraction and by triangulation finding the length.—Kansas City Star.

THE ENGLISH PHEASANT.

Originally From Asia, It Is Still Found In China and Tibet.

Generally speaking, the English pheasant is misnamed, since it came from Asia and is still to be found in India, Tibet and China. The birds were brought to Europe more than 500 years ago, turned loose on hunting preserves and thrived amazingly. They supply the finest bird shooting in Scotland and England, and so much care is taken in raising them that they may almost be regarded as a half domesticated bird.

Under the present system the eggs are hatched by hens or in incubators. The chicks are carefully fed on insects and prepared foods, and when they are able to shift for themselves they are turned into the woods. While the common pheasant will roost in trees, it is a ground bird. The female will remain under cover until it is almost stepped upon.

Because of this trait the pheasants are aroused by men who beat in the thickets until the pheasants take flight over shooting boxes, where the hunters are concealed.—Philadelphia North American.

Dodging Mother Meng.

Infant prodigies are not unknown in China, and Chinese Buddhists find it easy to account for them. According to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, persons passing through hells on their way to the wheel of life (which relaunches souls into the bodies of babies or animals just being born) have to cross a bridge. Before mounting the bridge they are stopped by an old hag called Meng, who, ladle in hand, compels each soul to drink a mouthful of the waters of forgetfulness, for which the popular name is Mother Meng's soup. Those who drink of this forget all that they had passed through or had known in their former life and thus on being reborn into the world are entirely ignorant. Some, however, manage to dodge Mother Meng, and enter the world full of knowledge, which they display as soon as they can articulate.

First Stamp of Nippon.

It was in March, 1871, that postage stamps were for the first time issued in Japan, following the system of western countries. The stamps were of four denominations of mon. These stamps, however, disappeared shortly after their issue, to be replaced in 1872 by another series in the denomination of sen. These denominations are still in use today, but at the present time there is a far wider variety, the values being from one-quarter of a cent to \$5. The first stamps were extremely crude in appearance, were without gum and were printed by the ancient method of wood engraving. Today electric machines turn out the stamps, as we know them in this country, in enormous quantities.—Japan Society Bulletin.

Animals Under Water.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is not really so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air, coming in contact with the ice and water, is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

Reckless.

"Better let that woman send thirty words for a quarter if she likes."

"Why so?"

"It will save the company money. She has already torn up about \$1 worth of blanks trying to boil her message down."—Pittsburgh Post.

Must Keep Them.

"Does he keep his promises?"

"I guess so. I never heard of anybody wanting to take them."—Detroit Free Press.

What He Made.

"How's business, old man? Been making anything lately?"

"Yes; an assignment."—Boston Transcript.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

How is Your Supply of
Stationery
Bill Heads
Business Cards
All kinds of necessary stock
Statements
Letter Heads
Show Cards
MAIL JOB ROOM

They do
the one thing that
all other cigarettes
would do—if they
could.
Tomorrow you'll know
all about

Chesterfield

Personal Accounts

Interest-bearing and subject to check, are solicited, by this Bank. A check-book in your pocket with a balance to your credit, gives you the EXACT CHANGE, A LEGAL RECEIPT, and if lost it is no more than losing, so much blank paper.

Bank of Charleroi

Charleroi, Pa.